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the emily



Mary Amber

What does feminism mean to you?

october 1998

volume seventeen, issue one



two

the emily

filler facts

Welcome to the first *emily* of the school year!!! Right now, in your own hot little hands, you possess our "What is Feminism?" issue. In our 16th year, the *emily* has finally moved into the computer age, and this is our first non cut-and-paste issue (muchly thanks to Lyndsay and Holland). Yippee! Anyways, you might be thinking, feminism, smeminism. A dirty word for some, it has recently been translated into less-offensive lingo. Think of the success of 'Girl Power'. Hey, it worked for Ginger Spice-turned-UN reproductive ambassador. We chose this general theme for our first issue to show the diversity of feminist perspectives. No one of us shares identical approaches to the same issues. Women's opinions are as diverse as orgasms, and we can't stop talking about those...

A big round of applause to the Ain't I a Woman crew, fabulous paper, darlings. Next month's *emily* theme will be "living woman", which focuses on what it means to be a woman, past, present, and future. We are always looking for contributors and/or volunteers for writing, art, and production. Please please please drop off your submissions to SUB B107 or stop by a collective meeting. Our next collective meeting will be Thursday November 5th at 3:30 in SUB B107. Don't be shy!

Girls...We need you!



the emily

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everything you ever wanted to know about...

the emily!

⊕ -the *emily* is a forum for women's discussion about issues that affect us. the *emily* operates independently from the Women's Centre, but shares office space.

⊕ -the *emily* is English-speaking Canada's oldest university-based feminist newspaper and is registered in the National Archives of Canada. The first issue came out in October 1982 - the *emily* just turned 16!

⊕ -the *emily* is published at least four times per year. A few years back, in response to the March week for eliminating racism and discrimination, the *emily* put out a special issue on gender, race, and colonization, and called it *Ain't I a Woman?* Because once a year isn't enough, *Ain't I a Woman?* comes out in alternating issues with the *emily*.

the emily collective

We are a fabulous group of women who meet every week or so to work on the *emily*. We have similar and different interests, we take courses from different faculties, and we identify ourselves in different ways. Some of us write for the *emily*, some do production, some fundraise, some provide creative sizzle... Most of us do a combination of the above. Membership usually shifts throughout the year. New members are always welcome! We'd like to hear your feedback, your concerns, your interests, and your ideas. We invite your assertions: articles, art, creative writing, cartoons, upcoming events, letters to the editor, you name it as long as you keep it between 1 and 1000 words!

we are evolving

We are a strong voice for UVic women, printing your shouts, your whipsers, your songs, and your wails. Our commitment is to fight anything racist, sexist, or homophobic.

join us

You know you want to. We meet alternating Tuesdays and Thursday. Check in the Women's Centre for dates and times. Check the red *emily* binder for more information. The theme for our next issue is "living woman, past present and future."



Male presence debated at Take Back the Night...

by Sara Cosgrove

This year's Take Back the Night march was the first one for me and I have to say it left me with incredibly mixed feelings. I'm not sure whether to describe the march as a) a powerful unification of women from all walks of life or b) scary "man-hating" propaganda jamboree.

When I first arrived at Centennial Square I saw a huge gathering of people. I was very pleased to see some men sitting and listening to the speakers with interest. I was especially thrilled when one man said to his friend, "See, I told you this wouldn't be stupid. You could really learn from this!"

As you can tell, I strongly believe that the only way to achieve equality between men and women is for *both* sexes to come together. How can we fight discrimination against women if, as women, we discriminate against men? I was appalled to hear one of the speakers furiously start a sentence with "all men want sex..." That is when the man sitting in front of me, who

was so interested before, stormed off—leaving behind him: "BULL SHIT."

As the actual march began, everyone was given a sheet with recommended chants and slogans. Most of them were fairly clever, like:

*What ever we wear
Where ever we go
Yes means Yes and
No means No!*

Then I reached the last slogan of the list and literally felt sick to my stomach:

*Freedom for women
Curfew for men!*

I can only be so diplomatic, but that is complete and utter crap. I mean, come on now, who thought that one should be included on the list of slogans?

I know I sound bitter, but I did find one aspect of the march very positive. After the march, there was some time for an "open

mic" session. Hearing women of different ages, races, classes, sexual orientations, etc. speaking about their experiences and their feelings really made me feel the energy and power of a group of people coming together for a common cause. I was incredibly thankful to hear one woman address Take Back the Night's problem of discrimination. I felt so moved by the positive energy that I even spoke myself. I spoke about how, if I felt the kind of power that I did at the march when I was a target of sexual harassment (at age 14), I would have caused a lot more of a stir than I had as a confused, intimidated young woman.

To hear total strangers applaud and shout support changed a part of me. It made me realize what the march is all about. The march makes the public realize how big the problem of violence against women is. It shows women who have experienced any form of violence that they are not alone. It's about women not being victims anymore. Women will be survivors and supporters, even *friends* of survivors.

... but some need a space for women only

by Kate Dimofski

In a recent vote in one of my Women's Studies classes, an overwhelming majority favoured the presence of men at the annual Victoria rally. Naturally, this sparked intense debate. It also forced me to question my own position on this matter. I began by thinking back to the first invitation I received to attend the rally shortly after I moved to Victoria. The friend who invited me told me about his experience at the previous Take Back the Night. He was asked to show his support from the side. At the time, I found that offensive and chose not to go. Why would he be asked to marginally show his support? Why does it always come down to gender? These are the questions I asked myself.

A few years later, I posed the same questions to a friend of mine who expressed how strongly she felt about it being a space for women only. Having run a support group out of her home for women who have experienced varying degrees of violence, she was able to provide me with a whole new perspective. As she explained to me, that night holds so much for some women. For many, it is the first time they feel safe to claim their rightful space in society. Tragically, there have been incidents where a former abusive partner has

appeared at the rally. One can only imagine the devastating impact that must have on a woman.

One evening my friend had the majority of the women from her group over for a social gathering. I arrived to an apartment full of women talking, laughing, sharing stories. Some freely shared their experiences; others wore the evidence on their bodies. I looked around that room and felt the strength of spirit and courage to claim one's voice and one's life. What I wanted to say to each of those women was that it was an honor to share their company, to hear their words, their laughter. It was a night of immense pride in the strength of the female spirit.

I finally saw and understood what I had previously missed. But somehow the question of male presence still feels unresolved for me. Ultimately, we want to feel safe in their presence, not in their absence. As I struggle with this, a possible solution comes to mind. In the interest of women's wishes, the Take Back the Night rally ought to remain a woman-only place. If men feel strongly enough about voicing their outrage, they are certainly free to organize their own demonstration. And I would venture to bet that the presence of police would not be seen as a requirement.



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four

the emily

Changing Roles: Campus Women Then and Now

by Lydia Del Bianco

Women's issues have changed dramatically over the last fifty years. From simple human rights, to equity in the workplace, to affirmative action. During the 1960s, the *Martlet* changed the way it portrayed women, by taking into account the female reader, and realizing the altering social impact women were having on society. It is important for women today to look at the root of social change for women which had its beginnings in the 1960s, and see the positive changes that have occurred since that time.

Examples in the *Martlet* show the competition between men and women in the 1960s. Where contests would put the sexes up against each other and when a comment is made that 'five girls and not a single boy showed up to try out for a talent show.' (Martlet, 1963). These are subtle hints at the underlying tension in a decade of social change. The ancient idea of the feminine myth (woman as the "other" sex) that was revealed through Simone de Beauvoir is present in these examples of creating a difference between the sexes.

There were many examples in the *Martlet* of this mythological woman during the 1960s. Take for example, many of the events that were covered, such as "Homecoming Queen" and "TWIRP Week," along with "Frat" and "Frosh" events. On the front cover of the October 23, 1962 issue of the *Martlet*, *Homecoming Queen* was the major headline, over academic issues. Photos of the six candidates appear above the title of the *Martlet*. By today's standards not only would this be unacceptable, but the mere concept of a Homecoming Queen is antiquated and insulting. This represents a shift in morals within the *Martlet*, as well as the broader social context. Fraternities, now banned by the UVSS, had strippers perform at events. And sororities encouraged the idolizing of the female body through very shallow activities, being "in service in any way [they] desire." (Martlet, 1963) Also in 1963, the Victoria Junior Chamber of Commerce made the front page of the *Martlet*, with a call for "its pursuit of the typical Canadian girl." Looking for a "girl" which is beautiful first, and talented second. "TWIRP week" ("The Woman Is Required To Pay") was

supposed to be a fun game in opposites. In a *Martlet* parody, *The Harlot*, a tradition still to this day, although the name (thankfully) has been altered, TWIRP goes beyond the campus, to the world:

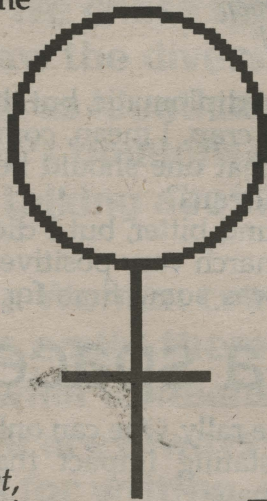
"Men everywhere sat back and rested this week as Women took over the world's affairs...and the events were startling." (Martlet, 1963)

The article goes on to portray Jackie Kennedy as president, whose largest problem is her hair. This is quite insulting, but that was the way the world saw women at that time. The world created the myth of women, and they did not advance, until these myths began to be questioned.

The *Martlet*, even during this time, was not just a showplace of societies' ills. It also began to advocate the first signs of feminism. At a time when instead of equal representation on council, women received one representative, the *Martlet* gave centre stage on the front page to voice the concerns of the 1963 Women's Representative, Diane Beeler, who called for women to participate "NOW." This is an early sign of what would be a radical movement towards a new freedom. Women of today must thank women such as Diane Beeler, and women like her that allowed women to have a voice, on campus, and throughout the world.

The *Martlet* has continued to grow from its beginning to be a forum for social issues. Although in 1963, Homecoming Queen made headlines, today, an issue of the *Martlet* each year celebrates women's contributions, which is entirely written and produced by women. This year, the *Martlet* has a female editor-in-chief, many women contributors in news and sports, as well as arts and social issues.

The *Martlet* has grown up over the last fifty years, but continues to do what it has always done, voice the opinions of students and bring in the news that is relevant to students. It has always been at the forefront, and will be ever more so. Women will be the ones bringing in the news this time.



What Makes Me a Woman?

by Nicole Tenter



About a year ago, my friend Alana was telling me about a psychology experiment she participated in. The final question she was asked to answer was, "what makes you a woman?" Without much thought she answered "her body." Then she was asked, "what makes you a woman apart from your biological components?" She sat back, shocked at the difficulty this question was presenting her. I realized that I too had taken this question for granted. Always assuming I knew, but never really trying to answer it.

We began to discuss, and immediately found ourselves in the nature/nurture debate. It couldn't be our bodies because there are women born without a uterus, and hysterectomy didn't mean that a woman wasn't a woman anymore. And what about transgendered individuals, a person who is biologically a male (or female), but feels like a woman (or male).

Having come up with no definite answers, we began to think of our personality traits. Once again we hit a brick wall. Everything we came up with was labeled either masculine or feminine, and these labels didn't fit with our view of ourselves or how we viewed other women and men. And how did these labels and our socialization affect us until now?

After much debate and no definite answers, we realized that we were not really thinking about what the question was asking. We were trying to disprove everything we said by comparing ourselves to other women. In essence, we were trying to prove "what makes women, women." I don't think anyone has figured that one out.

I've continued to think about this question and search for answers. Most women that I meet get to sit through an intense discussion on the topic. And I've gotten some interesting answers. Almost everyone's first reaction is her body. When I take that option away from them, most are not sure how to answer. Answers that I've received are, compassion, creativity, humour, strength, and "I am a woman because I am woman" to name a few. It was becoming more interesting to me how other women answered the

cont. on pg 5...



"What Makes Me..." cont. from pg four.

question and the puzzled look on their faces that reconfirmed that Alana and I were not the only ones who took this question for granted.

Just the other day I asked the question to a group of women and one woman suggested to think about "the one thing that if it were taken from you, you would no longer feel like a woman." I thought "this is finally it, with a little thought I'll have an answer." So I thought and all I could think of was everything. Every part of me, material or not, is part of me and therefore part of being a woman. My relationship with my body, with my sexuality, with people, all the things that I do during the day, they are all part of it.

My excitement over this new revelation was soon stripped by my friend Tatiana, who told me it couldn't be everything. "What if you lost a breast or a leg, or had a hysterectomy? You'd still be a woman."

I then realized it wasn't any one thing that never changes. Each of us sees our being a woman differently. It all depends on the journey we've taken to get to where we are and our relationships within that journey. I don't feel that for myself it can be pinpointed to any one thing. It's the relationship between my body and my mind, and the relationship between these and other people and environments. These relationships are constantly changing, and my view of what makes me a woman is always changing accordingly. It will always be a part of me, but it can't be defined or labeled.

I encourage every woman to think about this question and explore it. Write or draw your ideas; play with them. Don't take your womanhood for granted, instead challenge and explore yourself and be creative with the ideas.

Heads Up, Ally

by Shehani Kay

I've got nothing against Ms. McBeal—she's definitely one of many types of women. Still, if she were my friend, I would have smacked the back of her skull in exasperation on more than one occasion, shaken her bony shoulders with the hope that she'd stop being such a... such a Jane Austin silly girl!

Ally McBeal has inspired a lot of buzz—some criticism and a whole lot of hype—since the show premiered last season. With a couple of Golden Globes under its belt, Ally's second season shows no sign of diluting its edgy commentary on...er...gender relations.

Into the already neurotic, obsessive mix, Portia de Rossi joins the cast this season as a brilliant, aggressive if not icy, new litigator, Nell. Nell's unwavering finesse as a hard-nose tough barracuda with killer instincts in the courtroom is matched only by her striking beauty and impressive head of perfectly bouncy, shiny, long blond hair. Naturally, the women in the firm hate her. In the season's premier, Elaine, the nosy secretary, solicits a collective agreement with both Ally and Georgia. "Just so we're clear on this; we hate her, right?" They all nod in unison. In a later episode, Ally turns to Georgia (who is married to Ally's ex-love of her life, Billy) and says, "Look on the bright side. She's made us closer." Oh how true. There's nothing like shared jealousy between women to foster a close friendship.

In a recent episode, Ally represents a Baptist man (John Ritter) in a lawsuit against a feminist magazine that fired him as their editor. According to the magazine's spokeswoman, the former editor's refusal to renounce and disassociate himself from Baptist ideology—namely that women are inferior to men and should stay in the home (at odds with the magazine's feminist ideology) was a sufficient cause for the magazine to dismiss him. The episode seemed to trivialize the concerns of the magazine's executives and instead focused on McBeal's right to wear a mini, mini-skirt in the courtroom. What's up with that?

Ally's refusal to wear pants or a long skirt (or otherwise be told how she could dress) is not an issue about women's rights as the show implied. Ally's fight is with an imposed dress code, which is a genderless issue. It is just as likely that a male lawyer wearing his shirt unbuttoned (abs or hairy chest exposed) would be told to button up. There is an unspoken dress code in a courtroom—if there weren't, then we would see lawyers prosecuting and defending in their shorts and golf shirts—but we don't. Instead, we see the dress suit, the suit, and more suits.

Which brings me to the all-important question: What message is the show promoting or reflecting? It seems to me that for a show that prides itself on being a social and cultural commentary on the late 1990s gender politics, Ally McBeal fails miserably to live up to its own hype. Instead of reflecting real people (full with flaws, hues, and subtlety) the show focused on every negative stereotypes of sisterhood—that is, women are catty, petty, jealous, threatened by better looking women, and don't feel complete without a man. Of

course, some women are similar to the above mentioned stereotypes. However, instead of presenting a range, Ally McBeal focuses on just the catty, neurotic nature of women.

Last season, there were some truly touching moments and some very funny lines. So far, the show's second season has started out as a disappointment. But I'll keep watching and hoping that Ally will get hit in the head by a flying projectile and wake up with a grip. Heads up Ally!



Changes at the UVic Open

Resource Sexual Assault

by Holly Luhning Centre

In last spring's UVic Students' Society elections, the UVic Open Resource Sexual Assault Centre (OURSAC), led a successful referendum campaign to slightly increase student fees in order to provide funding for a full-time, paid employee. The centre had been completely volunteer-run for two years, but the demands placed on the centre's services became greater than could be provided by the mostly student volunteer staff. With the new funding, OURSAC has hired full-time centre co-ordinator Roshni Narain to facilitate and expand the centre's services.

With the addition of Narain's position of full-time co-ordinator, OURSAC is now better staffed and organized to deal with the prevalence of sexual assault in a university setting. According to a 1995 survey conducted at UVic, 1 out of 4 to 1 out of 6 women will be sexually assaulted while attending university. Sexual assault is defined as physical assault, coercion, or threat of coercion to gain the compliance of the victim in unwanted sexual activity (including, but not limited to, kissing, touching, oral, anal, and vaginal sex.) However, despite their frequency, only 1 in 10 assaults and 1 in 100 date rapes are reported to police.

Since Narain's arrival at OURSAC, volunteer training has become more specific. There are three main areas of volunteer involvement: office staff, support workers, and outreach education volunteers. In order to facilitate office operation, it is the goal of the centre to have at least one office staff and one support worker on hand during office hours. The centre receives approximately 5 drop-in cases per week.

Aside from providing drop-in support, the centre also runs several programs and workshops for survivors of sexual assault. In partnership with the Victoria Women's Sexual Assault Centre, OURSAC is offering a November 16, workshop on understanding anger and a December 7 workshop on personal boundaries. The centre is also holding a general public workshop on November 25 on the use of affectionate language, which will be conducted by UVic psychology professor Dr. Bavelas. Another ongoing program is the UVic Clothesline Project workshops, where assault survivors create a T-shirt to represent their particular experiences. The Centre plans to have the Clothesline displayed for the Dec. 6th Ecole Polytechnique memorial.

Another service offered by the centre is its resource library. The centre's library and resource materials are open for the use of the university community. "The library is an area that we really want to expand," says Narain. The centre is working towards increasing the kind and amount of resource materials available and hopes the library will be a useful resource for student research projects and papers dealing with sexual assault.

To donate resource materials or for more information on upcoming programs, contact OURSAC at 472-4388. Their office is located in the basement of the UVic Student Union Building, room B027. Office hours are Monday to Thursday, 10:00am - 4:30pm and Friday, 10:00am - 4:00pm.



Poetry

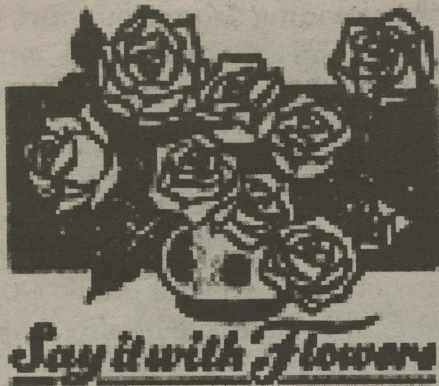
Landscape

your kiss
has inspired her fear
as you devour the honey
ocean
of her skin

your lips explore
like the liquid murmur of
a river
from glistening breast to
dark thigh
you hold fast to beautiful
places
aching for the delicious
chance
that is love

when she misses you
night lingers too long
the dark air a desert of
broken time
and desire circling in
whispers
above the feverish plains
of her body

enormous stillness
-Melissa Nelson



Creation

6-year-old woman's chubby fingers
hug the ancient wooden handle, stained with remnants of child-pasts

bright water colours blend to grey in a chipped porcelain-dish
she smiles at the new colour oozing from her brush

thick watery strokes disrupt the bleached page
as letter after letter form her little name

soft damp treestuff she folds in half
imprinting herself again

the same name changed, grown, twisted,
backwards lies next to the blurred one of old

twix the two there is the movement of space
turned into a beast, a monster, a friend, an angel

Woman smiles at her birth

-Lydia Del Bianco

Red Skirt and Blue Sweater

She hates the stigma
attached to the red skirt and blue sweater,
the trappings of a life she never asked for.
Anonymity in conforming
is occasionally a comfort
but mostly it makes her feel small.
Cold fingers bind the bracelets that she was asked
not to wear.
They are the lone rebellion she permits herself.
The metal on her wrists feel right
in a way less tangible bonds never did.
Witnessed by a stranger, she doesn't have to see
his eyes
to know what he is thinking.
Saint or slut?
There can be no space between
wild and tame, bitter and sweet.
There can be no space for her.
So she'll chose a side and wear a mask,
waiting for a day
when she doesn't need such shackles.
Touching the slick metal,
she can already taste the smoke
that will rise from the red skirt and blue sweater
when they burn before her feet.

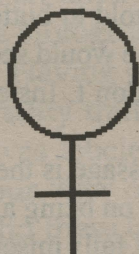
-Audrey Deutschmann

Untitled

My half self watches
through the glass pane
as your full silhouette
shivers

Shaking
in the fetal position
against
the stone cold city side-
walk

My trance-like life
has left my blood to freeze
-Veronica Muendel

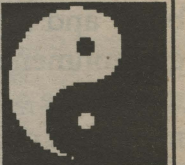


Miss Artificial

Never have I been real
So confident, successful, bright
Social, charming, and polite

I'm such a joke
Have I always lived a lie?
A hypocrite who hates hypocrisy

I am not a helpless soul
But can not thrive as my own
A colorful wrapper, an artificial
show
Shining and strong
with no substance



Sincerity fills my heart

The Stain

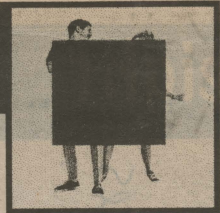
Today is the autumn of my womb,
and the shade of my leaves
has shifted.
My blood has proclaimed
itself forth, embraced its urgency,
and it is blazing--
red--
and it is splattered across the bathroom
linoleum,
and it is staining my fingers.
I am standing here,
my swollen belly pressed up against the sink,
washing the blood from my underwear.
I watch the cold
water gush into the porcelain,
and it is a leech to the colour.
I am glad
when the stain does not come out.

-Michelle Deines

Untitled

-Siri Nina

So it comes down to this
As always
The ♀ in the place of the other ♀
The ♀ who is temporarily fondled and
caressed
The ♀, who for a moment, is experienc-
ing pure joy
Is being told how beautiful she is
How he has been "noticing her" for a
while now
He, in the heat of the moment, has for-
gotten the
other ♀'s name
But in the morning it all comes back to
him
Like a sudden rush of nausea
He feels guilty, ashamed
As if FORNICATOR has been tattooed
across
his forehead
Now it seems that he cannot remember
The name of the ♀ laying beside him



Reviews

Lilith Gets an Attitude

by Lydia Del Bianco

So, what's the benefit of dragging yourself to UBC on the hottest day in the summer, only to wait in cattelish crowds and spend \$52 to do it - that's right, Lilith Fair. And it was worth all the pain.

Sure, comments in the past have included that the festival lead by Sarah McLachlan is too folky and soft to last a whole day, but this year, that all changed.

This was my second Lilith Fair. I went in 1997 to experience a folky and earthy festival, which although enjoyable, could be somewhat too mellow. Sarah McLachlan is still an incredible singer, but after Lisa Loeb, the Indigo girls, and many other excellent folk performers, it was a little bland. This year marked some very positive changes to the festival.

One great addition was the broadening of musical styles that were portrayed. The concert featured hip-hop singer Me'shell Noegéocello as one of the main acts. This was a huge leap from the all-folk main stage of last year. Me'shell had an entire stadium of

McLachlan fans grooving to her rap and hip-hop performance. She linked thousands of people together with her inspiring comment about Canada:

"You can tell how civilized a country is by how educated its women are, and how free," she said, and it still remains attached to my desk

Jazz singer Diana Krawl also brought a fresh sound to the festival, making it a well-rounded representation of women in music. Her smooth and sexy vocals were a perfect compliment to the setting sun on Thunderbird Stadium.

Paula Cole, of course returned to the festival with her energetic and powerful performance. Although her sound could be considered folk, it is more like folk with an attitude.

The edge to Lilith Fair 1998 was a lot sharper than last year. It went beyond the traditional gentle music that has become an accepted form of self-expression for women, into the realms of harsher reality. Its not quite Scrappy Bitch, but it's heading in the right direction.

Those Bitches are Back

by Jenny Amber and Nicole Tenter

The Scrappy Bitches graced the stage of Vertigo for the second time on October the ninth, and what a powerful show it was. Veda Hille opened up the night with her beautiful warbling voice, and layered prose-like lyrics. The mood was light when Kinnie Star and Oh Susanna performed an interpretive dance to one of Hille's most intense song's "Slumber Queen". Despite Hille's reputation for dark melancholy music, her sense of humor shone through, giving the audience a different perspective of her as a person, as well as musician.

Kinnie, Kinnie, Kinnie, Kinnie Starr...has taken beat poetry to a whole new level, the dance floor. Not one to lose an opportunity to groove with her fans, whom she treats like friends, Kinnie swayed among her faithful following. Her repertoire is

as diverse as the tour itself, ranging from folky to funky, ranting to raunchy. If the tour were an underwear drawer, Starr would be the leopard-print g-string...

If one drop of rain could split a cherry in two, one song from Suzie could break a heart in two. Oh Susanna did not come equipped with a banjo, but who needs a banjo with a voice like hers! Definitely falling into the category of country, Oh Susanna rounded off the evening with a totally distinct sound. Pulling us out of our reverie and into a land where roads are dusty, and spurs are rusty, Suzie romanced the audience with her songs of love and loss.

All in all the show was a hit. Some people missed the mellowness of last year, but most were happy to dance and laugh... leaving with very little to bitch about.

Driving Through Incest

by Holly Luhning

Paula Vogel's *How I Learned to Drive*, recently presented at the Belfry Theatre and directed by David Storch, is an affecting portrayal of the life of a survivor of incest and sexual abuse. The story traces the life of L'il Bit, a woman who has been involved in an incestuous relationship with her in-law Uncle Peck. The play is comprised of many brief scenes taken from L'il Bit's life (with several centring around L'il Bit's learning to drive) from both during and after her relationship with Peck interspersed with narration from the chorus or L'il Bit herself. Vogel's script does not limit itself to scenes with just Peck and L'il Bit - Vogel presents many situations in L'il Bit's life such as L'il Bit's first junior high dance, or talking to her mother about sex. By including these scenes, Vogel stresses her point that incest and abuse victims and survivors must always live with

the effects of the abuse - it influences and pervades everyday actions in their lives.

The production at the Belfry included a skilled cast that consistently delivered believable, well-characterized performances. Gina Wilkinson, who played L'il Bit, impressively handled the age-shifts of her character - she adjusted her tone of voice, mannerisms, facial gestures, and phrasing of her lines to accurately convey the age of her character (which ranged from 11 to 45!). Booth Savage delivered a smooth performance as Uncle Peck, and the chorus, Evelyn Anderson, Juila Mackey, and Peter Oldring gave quality performances in their varying roles of the chorus. The entire cast adapted well to the frequent and sudden scene changes and managed to keep the dialogue fluid and the action connected.

Vogel's *How I Learned to Drive* is a potent and insightful view into the life experiences of an incest survivor.



High on Art

by Lydia Del Bianco

Starring former Brat pack actress Ally Sheedy as a heroine-addicted artist living in New York, High Art poignantly tells a story of love, self-destruction, and ambition.

The film tells the story of Lucy Berliner (Sheedy), a former world-class photographer who is now a heroine addict living with her lover. An opportunity to reestablish her career comes by when her downstairs neighbor, Syd (Radha Mitchell) who happens to be a young intern at a pretentious photography magazine, offers to exhibit her

work. The sexual tension and relationship that emerges between the two of them is the real story.

Sheedy has come a long way since *The Breakfast Club*. Her performance is intense, real, and beautiful. Relative newcomer Mitchell gives a very convincing performance alongside Sheedy, and the two have a very alluring onscreen chemistry.

The films deal with the specific issues of femininity, myth, and discrimination, but also more broadly on a human level. Everyone should see this film.

Feminism: being shameless about who I am and where I come from; learning the histories, realities and pasts of all women past and present; re-opening our eyes to the experience of women; striving for positive change.

Feminism
IS GIRL POWER
(tee hee)

feminism - sme feminism!

Connection Rights
Knowledge Empowerment
Diversity, Discussion,
Pleasure Activism
Exploration Women
Shameless
Challenge sexuality
equality

feminism is for men & women. It is not for creating conformity within a women's community. It should NOT be a forum for male-bashing.

Feminism is "girl power" without a wonderbra and heels.
A. Deutschman

Feminism is about empowerment and self-possession.
H. L.

What is feminism to you?



Feminism is about women and what that word means. So obviously feminism is about a lot because there are a lot of us women, and every guy has a woman, so it affects them too. It's not like what feminism isn't about and that kind is pretty short.

Feminism is equality without sameness. It is claiming agency for yourself. It is me accepting that I am powerful. It allows me to be sexual without being a sex object, nurturing without being labelled a stereotypical woman, and aggressive without ignoring why.

Feminism is a means to achieve equality and identity - so that I will no longer be defined by the labels woman, young, white, feminist, jock, or any other labels people attach to me, and can be simply myself, a crazy, unique individual.
- Erin Downey

Feminism means I don't have to shave my legs.
(But I can if I want to.)

~~Feminism has a bad reputation and it's unfortunate. But I want to get married and I want the door opened for me and I want the bill paid and I want the jars opened. But I also want equal pay for equal work and the ability to live without derogatory comments and the chance to have strong opinions without being labelled a bitch. Can I have it or not?~~
Valerie

TIRED OF YOUR OLD CLOTHES?!?! The women's centre is holding a clothing drive and exchange, to be held on November 4th. Exchange, bring one, take one or purchase by donation. Donated clothes can be dropped off at the women's centre, or can be arranged for pick up. Proceeds go to support women's centre educational programs. Questions? Ask Shawannah at the Women's centre, SUB B107.

Did you know that the Women's Centre has a LIBRARY?!?! Well, we do and it is the perfect place to go when you need information on everything from women's health to women in sports to second wave feminism to women with disabilities to tonnes of other stuff. And, when you are tired of the academic stuff, we have a great selection of poetry and novels.

Anyone can use the library (it's all genders!) - no, you don't have to volunteer! But, if you wanted to volunteer, the Library Collective meets every other Wednesday (the next meeting is November 4th, then the 18th, etc. in the Women's Centre from 3:30-4:15. Cheers!